

I Am Your Disease

I hate meetings.
I hate Higher Power.
I hate anyone who has a Twelve Step program.
To all who come in contact with me,
I wish you death and I wish you suffering.
Allow me to introduce myself.
I am the Disease of Alcoholism.
Cunning, baffling, and Powerful.
That's me.

I have killed millions, and I am pleased.
I love to catch you with the element of surprise.
I love pretending I am your friend and lover.
I have given you comfort, have I not?
Wasn't I there when you were lonely?
When you wanted to die, didn't you call me?
I was there. I love to make you hurt.
I love to make you cry.
Better yet, I love when I make you so numb you can neither hurt nor cry.
You can't feel anything at all.
This is true Glory.

I will give you instant gratification and all I ask of you is long term suffering.
I've always been there for you.
When things were going right in your life, you invited me.
You said you didn't deserve these good things and I was the only one who would agree with you.
Together we were able to destroy all the things good in your life.

People don't take me seriously.
They take strokes seriously, heart attacks, even diabetes they take seriously-fools that they are.
They don't know that without my help, these things would not be made possible.
I am such a hated disease.
And yet, I do not come uninvited.
You choose to have me.
So many have chosen me over reality and peace.

More than you hate me,
I hate all of you who have a 12 step program.
Your program, your meeting, your higher power:
All weaken me and I can't function in the manner I am accustomed to.

Now I must lie here quietly.
You don't see me.

But I am growing, bigger than ever.
WHEN YOU ONLY EXIST, I MAY LIVE.
WHEN YOU LIVE, I ONLY EXIST.
But I am here.
Until we meet again,
If we meet again,
“I WISH YOU DEATH
AND I WISH YOU SUFFERING” !!

Anonymous